

PETITION COUNCIL TO LET BIG JOB TO LOCAL CONTRACTORS

Signers Would Have Pay- ing Contract Kept Right at Home.

SUCH ACTION IS UNLIKELY

Under Fire the Lowest Bidder Must be Given the Award, but Movement Has the Moral Support of Solons. It Is Said, Work for Taxpayers.

rior business places in town asking that council award the paving contracts to Connells' contractors in order that idle men in the city may have work. These will be presented

The positions set forth that it outside contractors do the work foreigners will be employed on the jobs where as if local contractors are selected Connellsville men will be given the preference.

ing the cost of street improvements, the petitions, and property owners will be required to pay the complete cost of the paving according to the benefits realized from it hence it is considered only fair that whatever

What a council will do in the matter is a question. Dugan & Miller are

The Clark act requires that all contracts must be let to the lowest bidder, all other things being equal. I am a superficial examination of the bids Mr. O'Connor is low man for first

ed by City Engineer Hirst and it will not be known definitely until next Monday night who is the lowest bidder.

It is not expected that council will

employed on the plying work so far as is possible. The councilmen point to the fact that their prime duty to the taxpayers is to have the plying work done as economically as possible. It has been pointed out by some

Councilmen have indicated, however, that so far as it is in their power

ful contributor although their power to enforce such a regulation is doubtful.

Charged with robbing William Rittenour of \$10 Kell Hays was arrested last evening about 7:30 and taken by Patrolman George Washburn.

According to Kitchener, it is he had come here from Brownsville, and met with Harvey in a bar room. Kitchener admits that he was not responsible for his actions, and where he was.

ANOTHER BLANK MAN

James O'Neil 15 years old of 325 Grant street Pittsburg is being held in the city lockup awaiting the action of his parents who have been notified

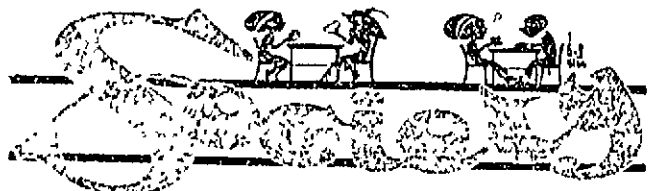
Young Neil told the mayor that this was the second time he had run away from home. He was away all last winter, he declared, but returned.

WILL HOLD SHOW
Auto Club Will Take Up Road Questions Again Tonight
The Connells ville Auto Club will

The club has accomplished considerable in the line of road improvement but it will not rest until the

Negroes Released
Cattle brand in the chase in the fight between two negroes Monday night was released yesterday up

Monmouth Hotel Burns
LONG BRANCH, N. J., April 7.—
The old Monmouth Park Hotel famous in the days when horse racing flourished in this state, burned last



THE FUNERAL of Mrs. Mary Ann Smith, who died at her home, 1111 North Main street, on Monday evening, April 5, at the age of 78 years, will be held at 10 o'clock this morning at the residence of her son, Mr. J. H. Smith, 1111 North Main street.

CHILDREN'S SOCIETY will hold its regular meeting at 10 o'clock this morning at the residence of Mrs. J. H. Smith, 1111 North Main street.

W. S. CAMPBELL, of the firm of Campbell & Co., 1111 North Main street, has been elected president of the board of directors of the Conneltsville National Bank.

THE YOUNG MEN'S GUILD will hold its regular meeting at 8 o'clock this evening at the residence of Mrs. J. H. Smith, 1111 North Main street.

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PERSONAL MENTION.

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GERMANY ADMITS DESTRUCTION OF SUBMARINE U-29

(Continued from Page One)

London, April 7.—The German government today admitted the destruction of the submarine U-29, which was sunk by the British fleet in the North Atlantic on March 25.

The submarine U-29 was one of the most powerful of the German fleet, and its destruction was a great blow to the German navy.

The British fleet, commanded by Admiral Jellicoe, was on patrol in the North Atlantic when it encountered the submarine U-29.

The submarine U-29 was sighted by the British fleet on March 25, and it was followed for several hours before it was finally sunk.

The British fleet was composed of several battleships and cruisers, and it was a powerful force in the North Atlantic.

The destruction of the submarine U-29 was a great victory for the British fleet, and it was a blow to the German navy.

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THE EXCEPTIONAL VALUES IN OUR 42nd Anniversary Sale

BIDS ALL MONEY SAVING PEOPLE COME! WONDERFUL BUYING OPPORTUNITIES

Hill's Muslin	Lancaster Gingham	Brown Sheeting
Just when you need it for your spring sewing, we offer Hill's Muslin, 36 inches wide, bleached. Everyone knows the quality and the price the country over is 10c. During this low-price sale, 12 yards for 42c. 5 yds for 42c.	In making your spring and summer stock of aprons, you'll want the best gingham for this purpose and you can buy here during this sale a complete assortment of checks and colorings 7 yds for 42c.	Many housewives take advantage of low prices and buy sheeting to make up for fall and winter. We offer a fine quality, 36 inches wide, very evenly woven and a quality that bleaches nicely 9 yards for 42c.

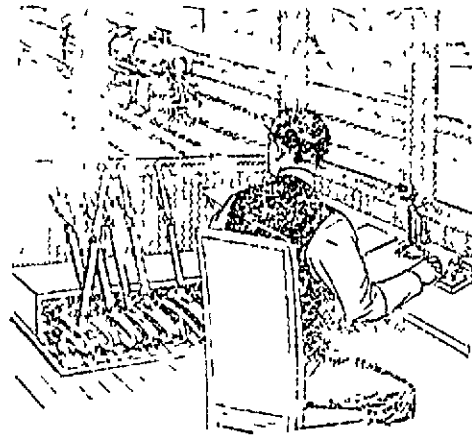
Correct Spring Suits	Style Correct Coats
No better made suits can be found anywhere than those we are offering. The styles are absolutely correct—the materials are the finest, the colorings are such as meet fashion's demands and the tailoring is perfect. The prices you will find by comparison are much lower than elsewhere. We invite you to call in and see how nearly we can fit you in a perfect fitting suit at this sale of price—\$12, \$15, \$18.50, \$22.50, \$25 to \$37.50.	We are selling a great number of coats, and the reason for this is the exceptionally fine styles we show at very moderate prices. The materials shown are the best being used this season—and the styles are very smart. Plain colorings and fancy weaves elegantly lined. Many models have the full back with belted effects. We will take pleasure in showing you a splendid line at this sale of price—\$5, \$7.50, \$10, \$12.50, \$15 to \$25.

10 PER CENT DISCOUNT ON ALL CASH SALES during this sale—on all goods not otherwise marked down. This offer gives you an opportunity of securing absolutely new spring goods at a handsome reduction. This offer for the balance of the week.

Stunning Spring Millinery	Two Millinery Offerings
We're told every day by expert judges of style and quality that nowhere can there be found so much class for the price as in our millinery department. The reason for this is we are satisfied with a moderate profit. We do not believe in seeing how much we can get but rather, how much we can give for the money. If you have not seen the beautiful hats here, do so at once.	Come in and see the many stylish shapes in satin, silk and braid that we have displayed on our 'bargain table.' Hat shapes that are worth double and triple the price. Choice \$5.95.

15% Discount on Remnants of Hall and Stair Carpet—In Small and Neat Patterns.

THE E. DUNN STORE CUTHBERTSON & ROE CONNELLSVILLE, PENNA.



Is Coffee After Your Job?

The average cup of coffee contains about 2½ grains of caffeine, a poisonous drug that handicaps the efficiency and chances for promotion of many bright men and women.

Read This Letter

"Down at the Junction" writes a railroad man "where I am employed as Telegraph Operator and Towman for a busy railroad where every second counts and where I hold the lives of the entire train crew and passengers in my hand, I found coffee was making me dull and exceedingly nervous.

"My wife told me about Postum. I tried it and liked it. I never drink anything else now. I have a tin of Instant Postum in my palm. I feel fine, my brain is quick and active, and there's no delay at the Junction while I'm on duty. I really think coffee would have put me out of a job if I hadn't quit it for Postum."

If coffee is enfeebling your prospects, try a change to

POSTUM

Made only of selected wheat and a small per cent of wholesome molasses, Postum contains nothing harmful or injurious, but is on the contrary, healthful and invigorating.

Postum comes in two forms: Postum Cereal—the original form—must be well boiled. The and 25c package; Instant Postum—the soluble form—made instantly in the cup with hot water. 30c and 50c tins. Both kinds are equally delicious, and cost per cup about the same.

"There's a Reason" for POSTUM

—sold by Grocers everywhere

THE GRIM REAPER.

Mrs. Lydia Kerkhof, 1111 North Main street, has been elected president of the board of directors of the Conneltsville National Bank.

THROW OUT THE LINE

Give Them Help and Many Conneltsville People Will Be Happier. Throw out the line. We don't need help. We don't need help. We don't need help.

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THIS WOMAN'S SICKNESS

Quickly Yielded To Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Bridgeport, N. J.—"I want to thank you a thousand times for the wonderful good Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me. I suffered very much from a female trouble. I had bearing down pains, was irregular and at times could hardly walk across the room. I was unable to do my housework or attend to my baby. I was so weak Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound did me a world of good, and now I am strong and healthy, can do my work and tend my baby. I advise all suffering women to take it and get well as I did."—Mrs. FANNIE COOPER, R. I. D., Bridgeport, N. J.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs, contains no narcotic or harmful drugs, and to day holds the record of being the most successful remedy for female ills we know of, and thousands of voluntary testimonies on it. In the Pinkham laboratory at Lynn, Mass., seem to prove this fact.

For thirty years it has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has restored the health of thousands of women who have been troubled with such ailments as displacements, inflammation, ulceration, tumors, irregularities, etc.

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

WANT TO BE SURE.

Work for 600 Men When Washington County Plant Opens Monday.

WASHINGTON, Pa., April 7.—On Monday morning at 10 o'clock the first of the 600 men who are to be employed by the Washington County Plant will be at the plant. The plant is a large one, and it is a very important one.

Washington County Plant. The plant is a large one, and it is a very important one. It is a very important one, and it is a very important one.

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CREDITS THE DULL TIMES FOR LARGE CLASS OF MINERS

Scottsdale Inspector Says Young Men Have Had Time for Study.

ARE AFTER BETTER POSITIONS

Scottsdale Band to Hold Its Annual Concert on Thursday and Delightful Program is Promised. Evening District Sunday School Convention.

ST. LOUIS, April 7. (By wire.)—The miners of the Scottsdale district, Pa., are credited with having had a very good time during the last few days of the week. The miners of the district are credited with having had a very good time during the last few days of the week. The miners of the district are credited with having had a very good time during the last few days of the week.

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WHAT THIN FOLKS SHOULD DO TO GAIN WEIGHT

Physicians Advise for Thin Underdeveloped Men and Women

The standard of good health is not only a matter of the body, but also of the mind. The standard of good health is not only a matter of the body, but also of the mind. The standard of good health is not only a matter of the body, but also of the mind.

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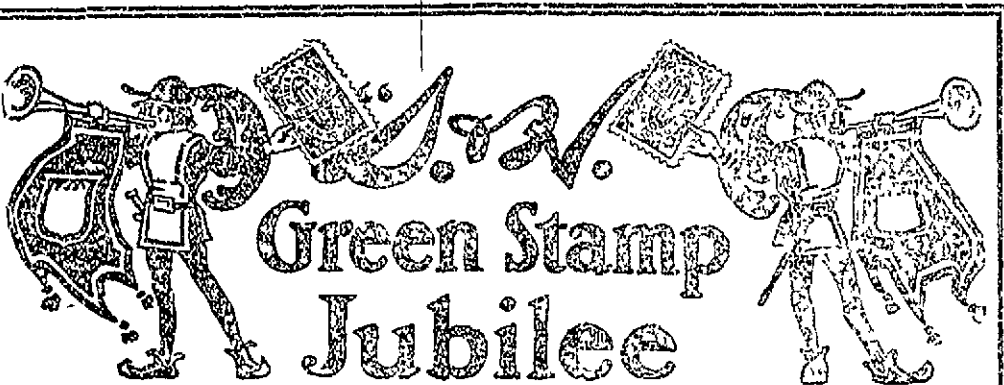
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J. S. Parker Co.'s Dept. Store SCOTSDALE, PA.

Opening in this Store Friday, April 9, embracing six full astounding J.A. Green Stamp Features.

CUT OUT COUPON

It presented when making a purchase of \$1.00 or over entitles you to

20 J.A. Stamps Free

Good during Jubilee Week.

Replete with novel guessing contests, mysterious S & H Stamp girls, special S & H Stamp awards, together with many extra S & H Stamp distributions. A special program of novel features for each day of this.

GREAT JUBILEE WEEK

Enter Friday, April 9th, first day of Jubilee. Opening of Guessing Contest. 50 S & H stamps free to first 50 customers, morning and afternoon. 500 S & H stamps free to first customer making a purchase of \$5 or over in morning or after 2 P.M.

PARKER MERCHANDISE ATTRACTIONS FOR JUBILEE WEEK BUYERS ARE IMMENSE

50 Beautiful Suits Priced at \$18.75

In the city of New York, in the heart of the city, the most beautiful styles of suits are being made. In the city of New York, in the heart of the city, the most beautiful styles of suits are being made.

9x12 Seamless Velvet Rugs \$14.50

VELVET AND VELVET OF RUGS AND CARPETS. THE BEST FOR YOUR CHOOSING AT LESS PRICES. 9x12 SEAMLESS VELVET RUGS FOR \$14.50. 9x12 SEAMLESS VELVET RUGS FOR \$14.50.

Charming Silks and Cotton—"Made in U. S. A." and Imported Kinds

We venture the assertion that no store in the city has a larger stock of the finest silks and cottons. We venture the assertion that no store in the city has a larger stock of the finest silks and cottons.

Smartest Millinery and the Prices Are Only \$3 and \$5

We have a splendid stock of millinery for the coming season. We have a splendid stock of millinery for the coming season.

For Home Dress Makers' Week

10 yard 1 1/2 inch wide. 10 yard 1 1/2 inch wide. 10 yard 1 1/2 inch wide.

Known By Their Work

Douglas Graduates are known everywhere for their efficiency and ability. Douglas College training is far above the average and prepares the graduates not only to hold the small jobs, but to fill the most difficult and responsible positions.

DO YOU WANT THE BEST BUSINESS TRAINING—a training that will enable you to advance—a training that is endorsed by the business men—a training that it has in more than a thousand young people successful?

THEN ATTEND THE OLD RELIABLE Douglas College, the school that is patronized by the better class. Enroll now for the Spring Term.

Ask for our free catalog.

Douglas Business College,
Second National Bank Building : Connellsville, Penna.

Terrifying When Child Wakens With Croup

When a young child awakens with a choking, gasping, choking, struggling to get its breath, give it a few drops of this medicine. It will cure the croup and save the child from a dangerous illness.

Record at Policy No. 6562 for \$5000.00 in the North-western Mutual Life

Total premiums paid \$11,111.11. Total dividends \$11,111.11. Total dividends \$11,111.11.

New House Dresses

attractively priced at 69c, 98c and up

—And they are not all house dresses. Some of them are good enough to wear around the house all day long even after attending to the usual home duties.

—Excellent grade of Gingham and Percales in many simple tasteful styles—plain colors, stripes and figures, light and dark colors—the real useful home dresses and such good values, too. Better get 2 or 3 of them.

Satisfaction in Style and Fit

that is what **McCall's** Patterns mean

—The illustration is one of a wonderful collection of the new short basque and panel skirt.

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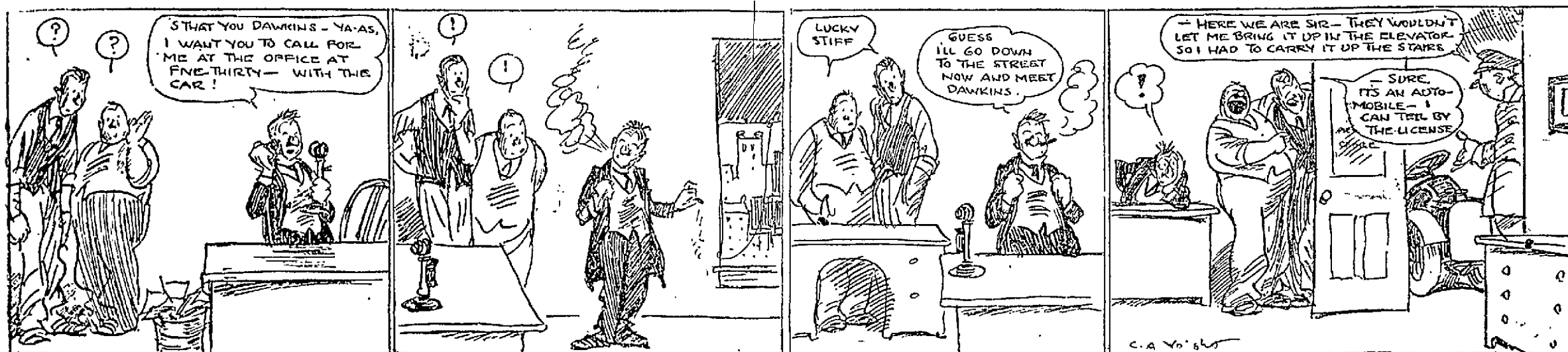
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PETEY DINK—Dawkins Puts One Over and Pete's Pride Gets Bumped.



INTIMATE VIEW OF THE KAISER

Shows Where Bismarck Met Napoleon III. at Sedan.

FRUGAL MEAL AT FRONT.

Bavarian Author Describes Brief Across Famous Battlefield, Tells of Emperor's Evening Repast and of His Threat to Requisition Crown Prince's Cook, Who Outdoes His Own.

In the Munchener Neueste Nachrichten Herr Ludwig Grunhofer, a well-known Bavarian author, gives an intimate picture of Emperor William on the field of war.

"In a garden surrounded by walls stood the quiet, well-guarded house in which Emperor William made his headquarters," he writes. "When I entered I found no evidence of an elaborate household. It was quiet and simple. The few guests who had been invited to the evening meal were gathered in a small reception room. Finally the Kaiser entered, clad in the field gray uniform of a general. His step, as always, was elastic. Under the stress of the storms of the last months the emperor had gained much and lost nothing. Indeed, it was apparent he had been exalted. We realized that from his dilapidated bearing, his quiet smile, his calm glance.

"After the evening meal, which was very frugal, followed a ride with the Kaiser in his automobile. Only two men accompanied him. Two chauffeurs with carbines and cartridge belts sat in front. Otherwise he had no guard. The Kaiser rides it that way. When we rode over a temporary bridge he said: 'That is not dangerous. What German sappers build holds.' Suddenly the Kaiser spoke of the great enthusiasm and wonderful unity of the German people. 'It is my greatest happiness that I may experience this,' and then he said: 'And if it is not too late, I would like to see a deep breath and looked back to the ruin of Bismarck.

On Battlefield of Sedan. "We were on the battlefield of Sedan.

"Over there," said the Kaiser, 'stood my father.'

"Here Napoleon met Bismarck.

"There is Helldorf palace! Here my grandfather's conversation with Napoleon took place."

"We continued through the flood lands of the Meuse, on a high dike. In the distance a village appeared against the dark wooded forest. Above it wall rose the walls of a pretty little castle—our destination.

"In the court of the castle the crown prince with six members of his staff welcomed the emperor. The slender figure of the victor of Louvain seemed to have grown even taller. His healthy young face was tanned, and his merry eyes shone with joy. 'We have advanced a good piece! Twelve hundred Frenchmen captured!' he announced to his father with joy. 'They are coming in so soon!'

"At breakfast the emperor said to the crown prince, 'You have better meals than I. I shall consider whether I will not requisition your cook!'

"Screedly had the fruit been served when it was announced, 'They are coming! We two and went out. A moving operator man was busily turning the crank of a machine. 'Photograph that, not always one,' the Kaiser called to the photographer.

Prisoners' Long Suffering. "Slowly and painfully most of the prisoners drew near, and upon many of their faces was stamped the lifeless, dull expression of months of suffering. Among the 1,000 men not a hundred were sturdy and well built.

"The crown prince invited us to ride in his automobile in order to show his father an accessible point with a view toward the Argonne. From afar could be heard a hollow rumbling, so soft it was hardly audible in the wind blowing over the hill. On the descent I was allowed to support the Kaiser, and we went down slowly, as on a chamois hunt; then I stopped myself. The Kaiser held me with a firm hand and said:

"Soldiers and citizens must help one another wherever they can."

SAFETY FIRST "DON'TS" ADOPTED BY FEDERATION.

The national convention of the Safety First Federation of America in session in the Crutcher's building, 4 East Thirty-ninth street, New York city, adopted the following rules for "safety first":

- Don't go fast with your auto when passing children, vehicles, around corners or approaching crossings.
- Don't stop in the middle of the street to visit.
- Don't make the street your reception room.
- Don't use short cuts when crossing streets.
- Don't forget that carelessness first means safety always.
- Don't mistake the right for the wrong way when getting off street cars.
- Don't let your child chase a ball in front of a moving vehicle.
- Don't lose your presence of mind when crossing streets.
- Don't cut corners with your auto, but keep to the right.
- Don't fail to give a warning signal of your approach when driving.
- Don't mind your hat when the wind blows it off. Mind where you are going.
- Don't stop when started across a street. Keep moving.

SET NEW WORLD'S RECORD FOR WIRELESS TELEPHONE.

Operators of United States Navy Talk Over Seven Hundred Miles.

Seven hundred and twenty-one miles of atmosphere have been traversed by the human voice, transmitted through the ether by a wireless telephone invented after years of labor by H. P. Dwyer of San Francisco.

The test that establishes what is asserted to be a world's record in wireless telephony was made unofficially from the Mare Island navy yard and was observed by Chief Peterson and Operators Hayes, Walsh, Pague and Moser of the government's radio corps at the navy yard and at the government radio station at Sausalito, Cape Point, on the coast of Washington.

"Heard voice clear and distinct. Can understand every word you say, Master Blue."

So spoke the government operator at Sausalito after Dwyer had addressed him and a photograph had played before the transmitting machine. While the test was being conducted government operators at the navy yard at Bremerton, Wash., a distance of 500 miles, the operator at Point Arguello, the operator at Eureka, Cal., and the operator at San Diego, Cal., the latter a government wireless station, heard Dwyer's voice.

Dwyer, who has been working for years to perfect his invention, has made other tests, but none of such magnitude as this successfully accomplished. There was no publicity about the most recent test, and the inventor and those associated with him wanted to keep the wonderful accomplishment quiet.

It was the purpose of Dwyer to wait until the report from the navy department at Washington had been received.

Further than to acknowledge that he supervised the test Chief Electrician Peterson declined to discuss the subject, saying he had been instructed from Washington to say nothing concerning the test. Others are equally reticent as to details, but acknowledge that the telephone instruments transmitted the human voice understandingly across the 721 miles.

CUP OF COFFEE RAN AWAY.

Woman Struck at Automatic Lunch-room Spectacle.

A woman entered one of New York's automatic lunchrooms appearing much preoccupied. After changing a dime for two nickels she put one of them in the slot marked "entertainment" and the other in the hot coffee slot.

She turned the crank, as per directions, and then gave a series of panic-stricken shrieks of "Oh, oh, oh, look!" The other auto enters turned in time to see that she had forgotten to put a cup under the faucet; hence the dismay. All of the brownish liquid had dribbled down in the drain.

At the Theatres.



A SCENE FROM "BRINGING UP FATHER."

THE SOISSON.

"THE THREE OF US" TODAY.

The popular actress Marie Tildy, who will appear today at the Soisson in the five act drama, "The Three of Us," it is a beautiful play, splendidly acted and will please everybody. The charming three-part drama, "The Mother's Instinct," has two Madeline and Joe King in the star parts. The play is replete with thrilling scenes. No. 158 of the Animated Weekly has quite a number of startling scenes. Tomorrow, the distinguished actor, William Farnum, is the star in the celebrated play, "The Gilded Fool."

"BRINGING UP FATHER."

As a rule place a ration for the purpose of making folks laugh cannot be of continuity of plot or story. However, in "Bringing Up Father," the latest this fall offering which comes to the Soisson Theatre, matinee and night, Saturday, April 10, there is

no trouble in following a tale strictly human and engrossing from every viewpoint. The characters are flesh and blood creations and not the exaggerated types one might expect to see in similar contributions. This place in its entirety, even from a literary angle, is the best production Mr. Hill has fostered during his long career as a producer of stage entertainment. The piece, which was suggested by the popular cartoonist of George McManus, is in three acts. Action is ripe from curtain to curtain and interest is never permitted to lag one iota. During the development of the plot at least a dozen song hits are introduced along with a number of dialogue and original novelties. A competent critic has christened the production, "A singing and dancing comedy," apparently the been aptly applied.

For forty years, through the vicissitudes of stage life, McIntyre and Heath, the two black face comedians, who are the backbone of the "Ham Tree," which plays an early date at the Soisson, have shared the same dress-

ing room. At first probably from necessity, for the Texas stock houses where the two did buck and wing dances did not afford great facilities in the way of private dressing rooms. Later, when McIntyre and Heath had become stars, they continued to share the same dressing room because they enjoyed each other's company.

The road to the success which these two men, laugh producers, have achieved, has not been a rose-scented path. Not by a long shot! Both began in a year humble way, doing a small song and dance act in third rate variety houses, and taking anything they could get in the way of recompense. Then they joined Self Brothers circus, and put on their act in the concert which followed the show in the big tent. It there is anything that is more looked down upon than playing in the concert, that thing has not yet been discovered.

Later when minstrel shows were coming into great favor, McIntyre and Heath organized the Georgia Minstrels, but for some reason the show did not bring results. The two, somewhat saddened in spirit and lacking in cash, went to following the sawdust ring. There they stayed for several years, until finally the opportunity came to establish them on the stage, and they appeared at Tony Pastor's in New York in their buck and wing dances.

New York went mad, for that was the first time real buck and wing dancing had been seen there, but these two know the dance that Texas cowboys do. They had the scenery, too—real chaps, and wide smiles. Well that performance secured for them a place in a musical comedy, "Long Branch." After that their success was assured.

In 1890 the Georgia Minstrels were reorganized, and since that time these minstrels have formed the basis of their own appearance on the stage. They will never grow old, and some of the same acts that caused side splitting laughter thirty years ago, are drawing crowds to the Shubert this week.

Heath, the older of this team, 47 years; the junior partner is a year younger.

But you would never guess their ages, and both declare that no idea of giving up the stage has entered their minds.

SCHOOLS AT END

Dear Mrs. Pappas, Hold Please and Give Teacher a Bible.

After a very successful term the Bear Run school, Stewart township, closed yesterday with a delightful picnic. As a token of esteem and respect the pupils presented the teacher, George P. Skinner, with a handsome leather-bound Bible. Miss Nina Tissue making the presentation speech. Written in the front of the Bible was "Presented by the pupils of the Bear Run school at the closing of the 1914 term to their teacher, Mr. George P. Skinner." The presentation of the Bible took place at the close of the school. The picnic was a complete surprise to Mr. Skinner.

The following pupils were enrolled: Nina Tissue, Ruby Stull, Bert Stull, Hattie Oiler, Nevada Oiler, Addison Oiler, Mildred Stark, Ida Stark, Flossy Stark, Wallace Stark, Clyde Stark, Verda Stark, Clyde Tissue, Clifton Tissue, Len Tissue, Gladys Tissue, Verda Tissue, George Hawk, Howard Hawk, Russell Woodmanzy, Mary Burnworth, Wallace Burnworth, Gladys Smully, Agnes Bryner, David Bryner, Frank Smully, William Jones and Mary J. Jones.

Advertising in our classified column.

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Has enabled us, within the past year, to double the number of our customers. Quite a number of persons and societies, with surplus funds, who do not want to tie up their money subject to the rules of a regular 4% account, are taking advantage of our special 3% accounts. If you are a customer at this bank you will always find us willing to extend any reasonable accommodation on satisfactory security.

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FRIENDS OF ALLEGED GERMAN SPY SAY HE IS VICTIM OF PLOT



RAYMOND R. SWOBODA

NEW YORK, April 7.—Robert K. Maclean, at one time textile expert for the federal tariff board, declares that Raymond R. Swoboda, who is charged with plotting the destruction of the French liner La Touraine, is the victim of a business conspiracy formed by a "graffiti" ring which has been cheating France by thousands of dollars on war supplies. "Swoboda had enemies abroad," he said. "It is likely that the ring engaged in swindling France on war supplies would view with equanimity the invasion of its field by a man representing American manufacturers prepared to sell in bulk and with only a reasonable profit? If it could put him out of business don't you suppose it would do it?"

Nothing so good for a Cough or Cold. When you have a cold you want the best medicine obtainable so as to get rid of it with the least possible delay. There are many who consider Chamberlain's Cough Remedy unsurpassed.

Mrs. J. Horoff, Elida, Ohio, says, "Ever since my daughter Ruth was cured of a severe cold and cough by Chamberlain's Cough Remedy two years ago, I have felt kindly disposed toward the manufacturers of that preparation. I know of nothing so quick to relieve a cough or cure a cold." For sale by all dealers.—Adv.

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WEAR Horner's Clothing

HIS LOVE STORY

MARIE VAN VORST

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

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CHAPTER XIII.

One Dog's Day.

There must be a real philosophy in all proverbs. "Every dog has his day." It was a significant one. It was a glorious one. A terrible one. A momentary one. He played his little part in it. He awoke at the gray dawn, springing like a flash from the foot of Sabron's bed, where he lay asleep, in response to the sound of the reveille, and Sabron sprang up after him.

Pitchoune in a few moments was in the center of real disorder. All he knew was that he followed his master all day long. The dog's knowledge did not comprehend the fact that not only had the native village, of which his master spoke in his letter to Miss Redmond, been destroyed, but that Sabron's regiment itself was menaced by a concerted and concentrated attack from an entire tribe, led by a fanatic as hot-blooded and as fierce as the Mahdi of Sudanese history.

Pitchoune followed at the heels of his master's horse. No one paid any attention to him. Heaven knows why he was not trampled to death, but he was not. No one trod on him; no horse's hoof hit his little wiry form that managed in the midst of carnage and death to keep itself secure and his hide whole. He smelt the gunpowder, he smelt the smoke, sniffed at it, threw up his pretty head and barked, puffed and panted, yelped and tore about and followed. He was not conscious of anything but that Sabron was in motion; that Sabron, his beloved master, was in action of some kind or other and he, a soldier's dog, was in action, too. He howled at these dark faces, when he saw them. He snarled at the bullets that whistled around his ears and, laying his little ears back, he shook his black muzzle in the very grin of death.

Sabron's horse was shot under him, and then Pitchoune saw his master, sprang upon him, and his feelings were not hurt that no attention was paid him; that not even his name was called, and as Sabron staggered on, Pitchoune followed. It was his day; he was fighting the natives; he was part of a battle; he was a soldier's dog! Little by little the creatures and things around him grew fewer, the smoke cleared and rolled away, there were a few feet of freedom around him in which he stood and barked; then he was off again close to his master's heels and not too soon. He did not know the blow that struck Sabron, but he saw him fall, and then there came into his canine heart some knowledge of the importance of his day. He had saved himself weary, every bone in his little body ached with fatigue.

Sabron lay his length on the bed of a shallow river, one of those phantom-like channels of a desert stream whose course runs water only certain times of the year. Sabron, wounded in the abdomen, lay on his side. Pitchoune snuggled him from head to foot, adored himself to his restoration in his own way. He licked his face and hands and ears, sat soothed at the beloved head where the forehead was covered with sweat and blood. He barked feverishly and to his attentive ears there came no answer whatever, either from the wounded man in the bed of the African river or from the desert plain.

Sabron was deserted. He had fallen and not been missed and his regiment, coming to the Arabs, had been driven back. Finally the little dog who knew by instinct that life resided in his master's body, set himself to work vigorously to awaken a sign of life. He attacked Sabron's shoulder as though it were a prey; he carried him, barked in his ear, struck him lightly with his paw, and finally, awakened to dreadful pain, to fever and to isolation, awakening, perhaps, to the battle for life, to the attention of his friend, the spahi opened his eyes.

Sabron's wound was serious, but his body was vigorous, strong and healthy, and his mind more so. There was a fire in him just now. He raised himself with great effort, and in a moment realized where he was and that to the west there was a horrible death. On the left side of the river rose an inclined bank, not very high, but thickly grown with mimosa bushes. This meant to him that beyond it and probably within easy reach, there would be death from the intense and dreadful glare beating down upon him, with death in every ray. He groaned and Pitchoune's eyes answered him. Sabron paid no attention to his dog, did not even call his name. His mind, accustomed to quick decisions and to a matter-of-fact consideration of life, instantly took its proper course. He must not get out of the river bed or die there, not there.

What there was before him to do was no different from an undertaking that came to him almost unconsciously of the day in his life. He could not stand still, he must move. He must get out, get by great and patient effort, out at every stroke he could draw. He did so, and the sun beat down upon him. Pitchoune's eyes were on his side, shining, talking to him, encouraging him, and the spahi's shadow fell upon him. A momentary pause and then he came to himself, he might have

above him and death on every hand, crawled, dragged, hunched along out of the river to the bank, cheered, encouraged by his little dog.

For a drop of water he would have given—oh, what had he to give? For a little shade he would have given—what all he had to give had been given to his duty in this engagement which could never bring him glory, or distinction or any reward. The work of a spahi with a native regiment is not a very glorious affair. He was simply an officer who fell doing his duty.

Pitchoune barked and cried out to him: "Courage!"

"I shall die here at the foot of the mimosa," Sabron thought; and his hands hardly had the courage or strength to grasp the first bushes by which he meant to pull himself up on



Pitchoune Smelled Him From Head to Foot.

the bank. The little dog was close to him, leaping, springing near him, and Sabron did not know how tired and thirsty and exhausted his brave little companion was, or that perhaps in that heroic little body there was as much of a soldier's soul as in his own human form.

The sun was so hot that it seemed to sting in the bushes. Its torrid fever struck on his brow, struck on his chest; why did it not kill him? He was not even delirious, and yet the bushes sang dry and crackling. What was there melody? He knew it. Just one melody haunted him always, and now he knew the words: they were a prayer for safety.

That, Sabron said aloud, "It is a prayer," he said at night and not in the afternoon of an African hell. He began to climb; he pulled himself along, leaving his track in blood. He faltered twice, and the thick growth held him like the wicker of a cradle, and before he came to his consciousness the sun was mercilessly going down. He finally reached the top of the bank and lay there panting. Not far distant were the bushes of rose and mimosa flower, and still panting, weaker and ever weaker, his courage the only thing left in him, Sabron, with Pitchoune by his side, dragged himself into healing hands.

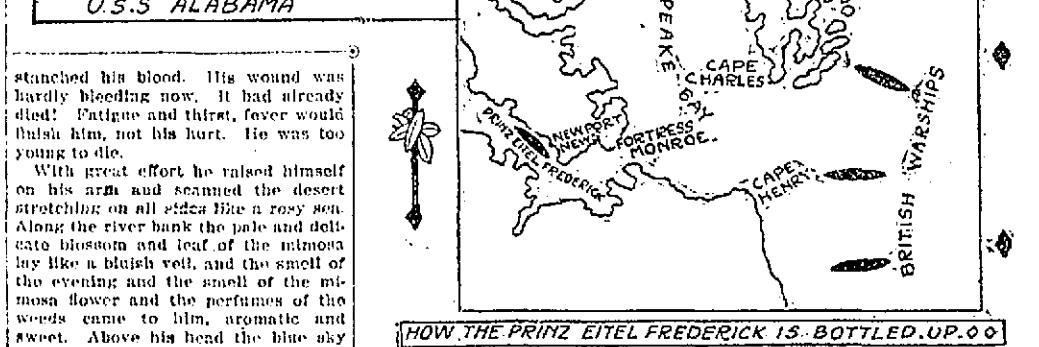
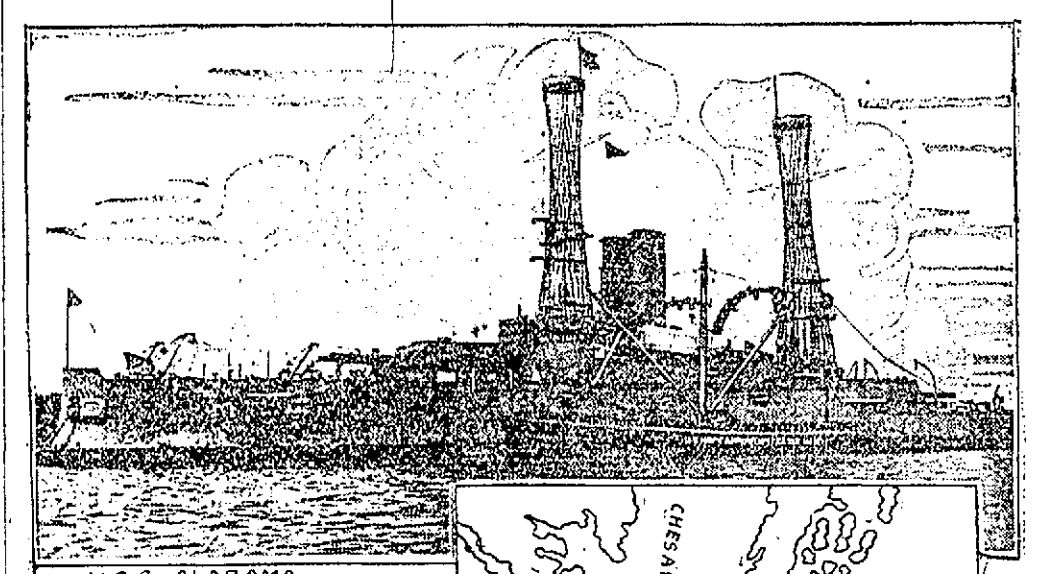
His mind traveled far into vague fantastic countries, but back again, ever gently, by a train of safety. Every now and then he would realize that he was alone on the vast desert, destined to finish his existence here, to come a being a human creature and to become nothing but carrion. Moments of consciousness succeeded these of mental disorder. Every now and then he would feel Pitchoune close to his arm. The dog licked his hand and the touch was grateful to the deserted officer. Pitchoune licked his master's cheek and Sabron felt that there was another life beside his in the wilderness. Neither dog nor man could long exist, however, without food or drink and Sabron was growing momentarily weaker.

The Frenchman thought a philosopher, realized how hard it was to die unattended in love, unattended in life, having accomplished nothing, having wished many things and realized at an early age only death! Then this point of view changed and the physical man was uppermost.

He groaned for water, he groaned for relief from pain, turned his head from side to side, and Pitchoune whined softly. Sabron was not strong enough to speak to him, and his voice, of man and beast, marvellously mingled—both left to die in the open.

Then Sabron violently rebelled and cried out in his soul against fate and destiny. He could have cursed the day he was born. He could have cursed to live, to make his mark and to win everything a man values, why should he be picked and chosen for this lonely pathetic end? Moreover, he did not wish to suffer like this, in loss his grasp on life, to go on into wilder delirium and to die. He knew enough of injuries to feel sure that his wound alone would not kill him. When he had first dragged himself into the shade he had fainted, and when he came to himself he might have

U. S. Cruiser on Guard and Map Showing How S. S. Eitel Frederick is Bottled Up by British Craft



HOW THE PRINZ EITEL FREDERICK IS BOTTLED UP.

stretched his blood. His wound was hardly bleeding now. It had already dried! Fatigue and thirst, fever would bluish him, not his hurt. He was too young to die.

With great effort he raised himself on his arm and scanned the desert stretching on all sides like a rose sea. Along the river bank the pale and delicate blossom and leaf of the mimosa lay like a bluish veil, and the smell of the evening and the perfume of the woods came to him, aromatic and sweet. Above his head the blue sky was above with stars and directly over him the evening star hung like a crystal lamp. But there was no beauty in it for the wounded officer who looked in vain to the dark shadows on the desert that might mean approaching human life. It would be better to die as he was dying, than to be found by the enemy!

The sea of waste rolled unbroken as far as his fading eyes could reach. He sank back with a sigh, not to rise again, and closed his eyes and waited. He slept a short, restless, feverish sleep, and in it dreams chased one another like those evoked by a narcotic, but out of them, over and over again, came the picture of Julia Redmond, and she sang to him the song whose words were a prayer for the safety of a loved one during the night.

From that romantic melody there seemed to rise more solemn ones. He heard the rolling of the organ in the cathedral in his native town, for he came from Rouen originally, where there is one of the most beautiful cathedrals in the world. The music rolled and rolled and passed over the desert's face. It seemed to lift his spirit and to cradle it. Then he reached his prayers—they took form, and in his sleep he repeated the Ave Maria and the Paternoster, and the words rolled and rolled over the desert's face and the supplication seemed to his feverish mind to mingle with the stars.

A sort of midnight dew fell upon him; so at least he thought, and it seemed to him a heavenly dew and to cover him like a benignant rain. He grew cooler. He prayed again, and with his words there came to the young man an ineffable sense of peace.

He followed his fading thoughts upon its path, followed his aching mind upon its path, and his body, too, and the pain of his wound and he thought aloud, with only the night air to hear him, in broken sentences: "If this is death it is not so bad. One should rather be afraid of life. This is not difficult, if I could ever get out of here I shall not regret this night."

Toward morning he grew calmer, he turned to speak to his little companion. In his troubled thoughts he had forgotten Pitchoune.

CHAPTER XIV.

An American Girl.

The Marquise d'Esclignac saw that she had to reckon with an American girl. Those who know these girls know that their temper and mettle are, and that they are capable of the finest reversion.

Julia Redmond was very young. Otherwise she would never have let Sabron go without one sign that she was not indifferent to him, and that she was rather bored with the idea of life and fortunes. But she adored her aunt and saw, moreover, something else than ribbons and velvet in the makeup of the aunt. She saw deeper than the polish that a long Parisian lifetime had overlaid, and she loved what she saw. She respected her aunt, and knowing the older lady's point of view, had been tight and hesitating until now.

Now the American girl woke up, or rather asserted herself.

"My dear Julia," said the Marquise d'Esclignac, "are you sure that all the things, the roses, and so forth, are on board? I did not see that box."

"Ma tante," returned her niece from her steepled chair, "it's the only piece of luggage I am sure about."

At this response her aunt suffered a slight quiver for the fate of the rest of her luggage, and from her own chair



She Was Bored With the Idea of Titico and Fortunes.

In the shady part of the deck glanced toward her niece, whose eyes were on her book.

"What a practical girl she is," thought the Marquise d'Esclignac. "She seems ten years older than I. She is cut out to be the wife of a poor man. It is a pity she should have a fortune. Julia would have been charming as love in a cottage, whereas I . . ."

She remembered her hotel on the Rue Monecan, her chateau by the Rhone, her villa at Biarritz—and sighed. She had not always been the Marquise d'Esclignac; she had been an American girl first and remembered that her maiden name had been De Puyssier and that she had come from Schenectady originally. But for many years she had forgotten these things. Near to Julia Redmond these last few weeks all but courage and simplicity had seemed to have tarnish on its wings.

Sabron had not been found. It was a curious fact, and one that transpired now and then in the history of desert wars—the man is lost. The captain of the cavalry was missing, and the only news of him was that he had fallen in an engagement and that his body had never been recovered.

Several sorties had been made to find him; the war department had done all that it could; he had disappeared from the face of the desert and even his bones could not be found.

From the moment that Julia Redmond had confessed her love for the Frenchman, a courage had been born in her which never faltered, and her aunt seemed to have been infected by it. The Marquise grew sentimental, found out that she was more docile and impressionable than she had believed herself to be, and the veneer and etiquette (no doubt never a very real part of her) became less important than other things. During the last few weeks she had been more a De Puyssier from Schenectady than the Marquise d'Esclignac.

"Ma tante," Julia Redmond had said to her when the last telegram was brought in to the Chateau d'Esclignac, "I shall leave for Africa tomorrow."

"My dear Julia!"

"He is alive! God will not let him die. Besides, I have prayed. I believe in God, don't you?"

"Of course, my dear Julia."

"Well," said the girl, whose pale cheeks and trembling hands that held the telegram made a sincere impression on her aunt, "well, then, if you believe, why do you doubt that he is alive? Someone must find him. Will you tell Eugene to have the motor here in an hour? The boat sails tomorrow, ma tante."

The Marquise rolled her embroidery and put it aside for twelve months. Her fine hands looked capable as she did so.

"My dear Julia, a young and handsome woman cannot follow like a daughter of the regiment, after the fortunes of a soldier."

"But a Red Cross nurse can, ma tante, and I have my diploma."

"The boat leaving tomorrow, my dear Julia, doesn't take passengers."

"Oh, ma tante! There will be no other boat for Algiers," she opened the newspaper, "until . . . oh, heaven!"

"But Robert de Tremont's yacht is in the harbor."

Miss Redmond looked at her aunt speechlessly.

"I shall telegraph Madame d'Haussonville and ask permission for you to go in that as an auxiliary of the Red Cross to Algiers, or rather, Robert is at Nice. I shall telegraph him."

"Oh, ma tante!"

"He asked me to make up my own party for a cruise on the Mediterranean," said the Marquise d'Esclignac thoughtfully.

Miss Redmond forced the telegram blank and the pad from the table. The color began to return to her cheeks. She put from her mind the idea that her aunt had plans for her. All ways were fair in the present situation.

"The Marquise d'Esclignac wrote her dispatch, a very long one, slowly. She said to her servant:

"Call up the Villa des Perroquets at Nice. I wish to speak with the Duc de Tremont." She then drew her niece very gently to her side, looking up at her as a mother might have looked. "Darling Julia, Monsieur de Sabron has never told you that he loved you?"

Julia shook her head.

"Not in words, ma tante."

There was a silence, and then Julia Redmond said:

"I only want to assure myself that he is safe, that he lives. I only wish to know his fate."

"But if you go to him like this, ma tante, he will think you love him. He must marry you. Are you making a serious declaration?"

"Ah," breathed the girl from between trembling lips, "don't go on. I shall be shown the way."

The Marquise d'Esclignac then said, musing:

"I shall telegraph to England for provisions. Food is vile in Algiers. Also, Melanie must get out our summer clothes."

"Ma tante!" said Julia Redmond, "our summer clothes?"

"Did you think you were going alone, my dear Julia?"

She had been so thoroughly the American girl that she had thought of nothing but going. She threw her arms around her aunt's neck with an abandon that made the latter young again. The Marquise d'Esclignac kissed her niece tenderly.

"Madame la Marquise, Monsieur le Duc de Tremont is at the telephone," the servant announced to her from the doorway.

SPECIAL

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laid it down. She was absorbed in but one thing, morning, noon and night, waking or sleeping: when and where she should find him; how he was being treated. Had he been taken captive? He was not dead, of that she was sure.

"What is the book, Julia?"

"Le Conte d'un Spahi."

"Put it down and let me speak to you of Robert de Tremont."

Miss Redmond, being his guest and indebted to him for her luxurious transportation, could not in decency refuse the request.

"He knows nothing whatever of our errand, Julia."

"Ah, then, what does he think?"

Miss Redmond on the arm of her blue serge coat wore a band of white, in the center of which gleamed the Red Cross. The marquise, wrapped in a sable rug, held a small Pekinese lapdog cuddled under her arm, and had only the appearance of a lady of leisure bent on a pleasure excursion. She did not suggest a rescue party in the least.

Her jaunty hat was enveloped by a delicate veil; her hands were encased in long white gloves. Now that she had encouraged her energetic niece and taken this decisive step, she relaxed and found what pleasure she might in the voyage.

"When we came on board last night, my dear, you remember that I sat with Robert in the salon until . . . well, foolish."

"After midnight?"

"Possibly; but I am fifty and he is thirty. Moreover, I am his godmother. He is enchanting, Julia, spirit and sympathetic. I confess, my dear, that I find myself rather at a loss as to what to tell him."

Miss Redmond listened politely. She was supremely indifferent as to what had been told to her host. This was Tuesday; they should reach Algiers on Saturday at the latest. What news would meet them there? She held in her book the last dispatch from the ministry of war. Supposing the Captain de Sabron had been taken captive by some marauding tribe and was being held for a ransom! This was the Romance of a Spahi, in which she was absorbed. Taken captive! She could not let herself think what that might mean.

"Robert's mother, you know, is my closest friend. His father was one of the witnesses of my marriage. I feel that I have brought up Robert."

It would have been so perfect," she sighed.

"Ma tante!" warned Miss Redmond, with a note of pain in her voice.

"Yes, yes," accepted the marquise. "I know, my dear. I know. But you cannot escape from the yacht except in a lifeboat, and if you did it would be one of Robert's lifeboats! You must not be too formal with him."

She tapped the nose of her Pekinese dog. "The still, mind, that man is only a sailor and if he were not here and at his duty you would be drowned, you little goose!"

The Pekinese dog was a new addition. Julia tried not to dislike her; for he, only Pitchoune existed. She could not touch Mimi without a sense of disloyalty.

The boat cut the azure water with its delicate white body, the decks glistened like glass. The sailor at whom Mimi hadarked passed out of sight, and far up in the bow Tremont, in white flannels, stood smoking.

"I had to be very discreet, my dear Julia, when I talked with Robert. You see you are not engaged to Monsieur de Sabron." The girl colored.

"The sentimental woman in me," her aunt went on, "has responded to all your fantasies, but the practical woman in me calls me a romantic goose."

"Ah," breathed Miss Redmond, opening her book, "ma tante, let me read."

"Nonsense," said the marquise affectionately. "The most important part of the whole affair is that we are here—that we are en route to Algiers, is it not?"

The girl extended her hand gratefully.

"And thank you! Tell me, what did you say to him?"

The marquise hummed a little tune, and softly pulled Mimi's ears.

"Remember, my child, that if we find Monsieur de Sabron, the circumlocution will have to be even greater still."

"Leave that to me, ma tante."

"You don't know," said the determined lady quite sweetly, "that he has the slightest desire to marry you, Julia."

Miss Redmond sat up in her chair,

and flamed.

"Do you want to make me miserable?"

"I intend to let my worldly wisdom equal this emergency, Julia. I want Robert to have no suspicion of the facts."

"How can we prevent it, ma tante?"

"We can do so if you will obey me."

The girl started, and her aunt, looking up at the Duc de Tremont where he stood in the bow, saw that he showed signs of finishing his smoke and of joining them.

"Ma tante," said the girl quickly, "have you brought me here under false colors? Have you let him think . . ."

"Hush, Julia, you are indebted to him for accomplishing your own desire."

"But I would never, never . . ."

"Petite soite," cried the marquise, "then you would never have been on this yacht."

Intensely troubled and annoyed, Julia asked in a low tone:

"For heaven's sake, ma tante, tell me what the Duc de Tremont thinks!"

Her aunt laughed softly. "The intrigue and romance of it all entertained her. She had the sense of having made a very pretty concession to her niece, of having accomplished a very agreeable pleasure trip for herself. As for young Sabron, he would be sure to be discovered at the right moment, to be lionized, decorated and advanced. The reason that she had no wrinkles on her handsome cheek was because she went lightly through life."

"He thinks, my dearest girl, that you are like all your countrywomen: a little eccentric and that you have a strong mind. He thinks you are of the most tender-hearted and benevolent of natures."

"Ma tante, ma tante!"

"He thinks you are making a little mission into Algiers, among the sick and the wounded. He thinks you are going to sing in the hospitals."

"But," exclaimed the girl, "he must think me mad."

"Young men don't care how mildly mad a beautiful young woman is, my dear Julia."

"But, he will find out . . . he will know."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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Sloan's Liniment will save hours of suffering. For bruise or sprain it gives instant relief. It arrests inflammation and thus prevents more serious troubles developing. No need to rub it in—it acts at once, instantly relieving the pain, however severe it may be.

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Charles Johnson, P. O. Box 177, Lawrence, Kansas, writes: "I sprained my ankle and was treated by a doctor for four days of a very severe sprain. I was unable to walk. I tried to use some of your liniment, according to your directions, and I must say that it is doing me wonderfully. I threw me out of bed, and I was able to walk in a few minutes, and now I am walking quite well with ease. I never will be without Sloan's Liniment."

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SLOAN'S LINIMENT

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PARKER WILL TRY TO THROW TWO MEN WITHIN HALF HOUR

Local Wrestler to Give Exhibition at County Seat Thursday.

GEORGE CHIP BEATS AL M'COY

New Castle Middleweight, Seatedly Turns Tables on Man Who Knocked Him Out a Year Ago. Koller and Tommy Jones to Fight April 16.

Arch Parker, the local wrestler, is going to show Uppstown what real wrestling is at the Uppstown Theatre Thursday night when he will endeavor to throw George Chip, who has been known as the "Uppstown" wrestler, three times in 30 minutes.

Parker is one of the best wrestlers in the business and he expects to have no trouble in putting the shoulders of the Uppstown man to the mat in the stated period. The match will take place between shows.

George Chip, brother of Joe Chip who fought such a splendidly round bout with Ray Koller last Tuesday, defeated Al McCoy at Uppstown last night, but was unable to put him out. A year ago when Chip was a contender for the middleweight title, he was knocked out by McCoy. The two nearly exchanged the same last night.

After the second round Chip did all of the leading and in the third round dropped McCoy twice for the count of three. In the fourth, however, he was unable to push his advantage and McCoy was able to block his blows during the remainder of the bout.

Joe Chip helps the winner of the Uppstown bout, which was held at the Uppstown Theatre on April 15. He is also to fight a 15-round bout at Uppstown, O., soon.

A change has been made in the plans for the boxing show here next week. It will be held on April 16, instead of the 14th, as originally announced. Ray Koller will be matched against Tommy Jones of New Castle, instead of Battling Slick. Koller fights in one of the preliminary bouts of the Uppstown show. The main bout at Uppstown, O., is held on Friday night.

CARE OF THE EYES

Health as Well as Beauty Demands That Eyes Get Attention.

The woman who takes care of herself should give as much attention to her eyes as she does to her skin or to her hair. In the first place after driving or being in the city, or in the country she should wash a bath of her eyes with tepid water. This removes the irritating dust or small particles. After washing or before going to bed she should bathe the eyes with a solution of water or tepid water to which is added a pinch of salt, and using an eye cup, will be surprised at the difference in the sparkle of the eyes. If inflamed they should be bathed several times a day. The dull, crimson eye, the hot, hot circles and the yellow complexion of many women is due, however, to the complaints and diseases peculiar to women. The best thing I know for this is Dr. Pierce's Eye-Brightener. It is a little water immediately after eating or whenever pain is felt, neutralizes the excess acid, and instantly stops the fermentation and pain. Those who use bisurated magnesia regularly for a week or two usually find that the trouble has entirely disappeared, and normal digestion is completely restored.—Adv.

BISURATED MAGNESIA FOR STOMACH TROUBLES

In these days of almost universal dissatisfaction with the stomach and other ailments, the recent announcement by a great specialist that pure bisurated magnesia is an almost infallible remedy for nearly all forms of stomach trouble, will come as a welcome surprise to all sufferers. A teaspoonful in a little water immediately after eating or whenever pain is felt, neutralizes the excess acid, and instantly stops the fermentation and pain. Those who use bisurated magnesia regularly for a week or two usually find that the trouble has entirely disappeared, and normal digestion is completely restored.—Adv.

DICKERSON RUN.

DICKERSON RUN, April 7.—A. J. Dickerson, of Dawson, was a Pittsburgh business caller Tuesday morning. The seat sale for "Bringing Up Father" opens at the Soisson Theatre, at 7:15, 7:30, 8:00, 8:15, 8:30, 8:45, 9:00, 9:15, 9:30, 9:45, 10:00, 10:15, 10:30, 10:45, 11:00, 11:15, 11:30, 11:45, 12:00, 12:15, 12:30, 12:45, 1:00, 1:15, 1:30, 1:45, 2:00, 2:15, 2:30, 2:45, 3:00, 3:15, 3:30, 3:45, 4:00, 4:15, 4:30, 4:45, 5:00, 5:15, 5:30, 5:45, 6:00, 6:15, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00, 7:15, 7:30, 7:45, 8:00, 8:15, 8:30, 8:45, 9:00, 9:15, 9:30, 9:45, 10:00, 10:15, 10:30, 10:45, 11:00, 11:15, 11:30, 11:45, 12:00, 12:15, 12:30, 12:45, 1:00, 1:15, 1:30, 1:45, 2:00, 2:15, 2:30, 2:45, 3:00, 3:15, 3:30, 3:45, 4:00, 4:15, 4:30, 4:45, 5:00, 5:15, 5:30, 5:45, 6:00, 6:15, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00, 7:15, 7:30, 7:45, 8:00, 8:15, 8:30, 8:45, 9:00, 9:15, 9:30, 9:45, 10:00, 10:15, 10:30, 10:45, 11:00, 11:15, 11:30, 11:45, 12:00, 12:15, 12:30, 12:45, 1:00, 1:15, 1:30, 1:45, 2:00, 2:15, 2:30, 2:45, 3:00, 3:15, 3:30, 3:45, 4:00, 4:15, 4:30, 4:45, 5:00, 5:15, 5:30, 5:45, 6:00, 6:15, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00, 7:15, 7:30, 7:45, 8:00, 8:15, 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